

Our son Jake was born 19 years ago; Ken and Jane were at the door when we brought him home from the hospital. Ken asked us to reconsider calling the baby Jake, "Sounds too much like an old Jewish man rather than an Irish Catholic baby boy." Ken said, "Call him Michael or Patrick." But no, it would stay Jake.

Jake loved his Uncle Ken, as did Megan and Kara. He too would knock on the back door asking for cookies and a chat. Uncle Ken was so sweet with Jake, such a wonderful role model for our young boy. A pat on the back, a bear hug, always a "How's it going Jake?" And then, he would listen.

Most days, when Jim was out of town, my newspapers would be at my back door when I came down to the kitchen. How many many mornings did I see the top of his head

walk past my kitchen window and hear the slight thump of Uncle Ken in his bathrobe, delivering the news to the kitchen door? How many times did I call him when the power went out, the alarms went off, a strange sound was heard? He would show up at my back door to see if we were OK, one time at 1:00 in the morning dressed in his trench coat over his pajamas with a butcher knife up his sleeve, ready to protect the children and me from an intruder.

Two weeks ago, Jim was babysitting our two-year-old granddaughter Morgan Grace, on a Saturday afternoon. They too, knocked on the Krakauers' back door. Aunt Jane was not home but Uncle Ken was, and of course he brought them to the kitchen table for a big chocolate brownie and milk. Papa Lynch, Uncle Ken and now our grandbaby Morgan,

continuing the tradition of so many years with our next generation. Jim said, as always, Uncle Ken talked with little Morgan one on one, giving her his full and loving attention, and a great time was had by all.

What an anchor in our lives our Uncle Ken has been. He is more than a neighbor, more than a friend, he is our Uncle Ken, and we love him deeply and completely. He will always be a part of our lives. How we will miss his wave across the driveway. The last thing he ever did when entering his house was always to glance at our kitchen window before the garage door would come down. Always checking on us in his loving way. How I will miss those taillights pulling into the garage, the sound of the car door slamming, and that sweet smile and wave across the drive.